

HALIBURTON COUNTY ECHO

THURSDAY DECEMBER THE TWENTY-THIRD

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

A Christmas Message

Desiderata

Found In Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore; Dated 1692



GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE ON GOOD TERMS with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ■■■ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ■■■ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ■■■ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. ■■■ Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ■■■ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ■■■

Season's Greetings from the Echo Staff

CHARLES BRANDON
SHIRLEY BRANDON
GERTRUDE FEIR

BERKELEY FEIR
CREIGHTON FEIR
HELEN FEIR

HOWARD SUTHERLAND
LAWRENCE THIBADEAU
BILL SCHEFFEE

Former Resident Gives a Town a Taste of Its Own Kind of Good Will

Christmas Revenge

by DAMON RUNYON

CHRISTMAS is coming around once more, and it always reminds me of what good times we have at such a season of the year back in my old home town out West.

It also reminds me of the Christmas that Swede Sam Sudenberg has the big Christmas tree and celebration in Union Park, and gives Christmas presents to all the little boys and girls of my old home town, there being many such, both male and female.

In fact, statistics prove that there are more little boys and girls in my old home town in those days than any other town west of the Mississippi, proportionately to population. It is a matter of which all our citizens are very proud indeed, and is mentioned to everybody who visits our town.

This Swede Sam Sudenberg who gives the Christmas tree and celebration to the little boys and girls is a big squarehead who is run out of my old home town by Marshal Dillon a year before, because all Sam does is to hang out around saloons, and drink beer, and whiskey, and keep himself drunk up at all times.

Naturally nobody wishes to see such a character around my old home town, and Marshal Dillon not only run Swede off, but gives him a good booting down the railroad track to make Swede Sam understand he

is not wanted.

SAM GOES UP into the Cripple Creek district, and the next thing anybody knows he strikes it rich. He is wandering around the hills drunk one day and falls into an old prospect hole, and what does he find in this hole but a pay streak which is overlooked by the guy who first digs the hole.

Sam comes back to my old home town with plenty of dough, and naturally everybody forgets what a no-account proposition he is when he is there before. A no-account guy without money, and a no-account guy with plenty of it, are two different matters in my old home town and everywhere else.

Well, it is along about Christmas when Swede Sam returns, and he says he wishes to put on a big Christmas tree and celebra-

tion because he always loves the little boys and girls of my old home town, and also is very proud of my old home town having so many little boys and girls, both male and female.

NOW THIS DOES NOT SOUND like sense to a lot of people who know Swede Sam well, and know it is not like him to be loving anybody or anything, or being proud of anything, but as long as he has the dough to pay the bills for his celebration, nobody can see any objection. In fact, many of our citizens are in favor of it, figuring it will save them money in playing Santa Claus.

So Swede Sam sends up into the hills and has the biggest pine tree in the whole country cut down and put up in Union Park. Then he goes to Denver and buys Christmas presents for the little boys and girls, though what these presents are, nobody knows until the night of the doings.

The tree is certainly a pretty sight standing there in Union Park, all lighted up with electric lights, and decorated with glass balls, and one thing and another, and at the foot of the tree are stacks of long bundles and a whole slew of bicycles. There are hundreds of long bundles and hundreds of the bicycles which anybody can see are girls' bicycles.

The park is jammed with little boys and girls, pulling and hauling, and much pleased up over the idea of receiving presents from Santa Claus. Furthermore, all their parents are there, figuring maybe Santa may have something left over for them.

OLD SWEDE SAM certainly does the thing up right. He has McClelland's Silver Cornet Band there and also the choir from the First Methodist Church to do some singing, and Preacher Hathaway to say a sermon, and Dr. T. Hannibal Wilcox to make a speech, although of course, Dr. T. Hannibal Wilcox is nobody but old Doc Wilcox.

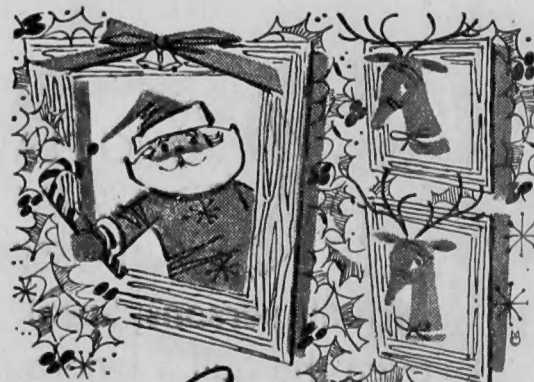
(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)



"The park is jammed with children, pleased up over the idea of receiving presents from Santa Claus."



"Nobody is safe in the streets. They are sure to be knocked over by little girls on bicycles."



HAPPY Holidays

At this time of year, we take a long look in two directions backward with warm appreciation for your patronage, and forward with the happy anticipation of continuing to serve you

BOWES & COCKS LTD.
REALTORS

HALIBURTON 457-2220 MINDEN 286-2381

Sales Staff

Martha Carnochan - Harry Davis - Al Hodgins
Irene Hodgins - Marshall Leighton - Thelma McMullen
Cy Preece - Ken Sanderson - Marjorie Young
Lynda Rosenberg, Receptionist - Jack Mackay, Manager



Thanks,
and a
very
Merry
Christmas
to all
our
loyal
friends.

VANCE'S SHELL SERVICE
TELEPHONE 457-2681 — HALIBURTON, ONT.

Vance English - Robert English
Gerry McElwain - Peter Douglas

Wishing You
A
Beautiful Christmas
And
New Year

**HALIBURTON
HAIRDRESSING**

Marlon Teatro - Faye Smith
Audrey Perrott

Your RED CROSS is
+ Serving +
Today
Ready for Tomorrow

**Cancer
can be
beaten.**

Canadian Cancer Society



GREETINGS

Here's wishing you an old-fashioned Christmas, filled with all the joys of fellowship and good cheer, and a holiday season brightened by many merry moments for your entire family.

The Management And Staff Of
ALGAR COACH LINES LTD.



Christmas Greetings

Christmas is a tranquil snowy scene and brightly-wrapped gifts... it is a time of hope and rejoicing for the many things it is our privilege to possess. We wish you an "old-fashioned" Christmas, filled with love and good cheer, and the deep satisfaction of friendships renewed. Happy Holidays!

LLOYD M. MOORE

Imperial Esso Products
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

Well, of course, a lot of nice things are said about Swede, and what a credit he is to the community, which, of course, he is nothing of the kind, and then out comes old Bill Hemming made up as Santa Claus, with whiskers and one thing and another, and starts to hand out the presents. Old Bill is one of Sam's pals in the days when Sam is hanging around the saloons, but he makes a first rate Santa.

IT SEEMS the bicycles go to the little girls, every little girl in town getting one, while the long bundles go to the little boys, and they turn out to be .22-calibre rifles, with several boxes of cartridges with each one. There is also candy for all

makes him sore at us, because by this time of day, there is not a pigeon, and very few canary birds left in town, and cats and dogs are running every which way screeching and howling like the dickens, with bullets from these .22-calibre rifles zinging at them.

EVERY WINDOW LIGHT in town is busted; and nobody is safe in the public streets, because if they do not get hit by stray bullets, they are sure to be knocked over by little girls learning to ride bicycles. It is one of the most terrible situations that ever comes up back in my old home town out West.

It sound like the Fourth of July in the streets, as some of the little boys are



"... there is some comment on Sam's choice of presents ... it sounds like the Fourth of July."

hands, including the parents, and then the celebration comes to an end with everybody giving three cheers for Swede Sam.

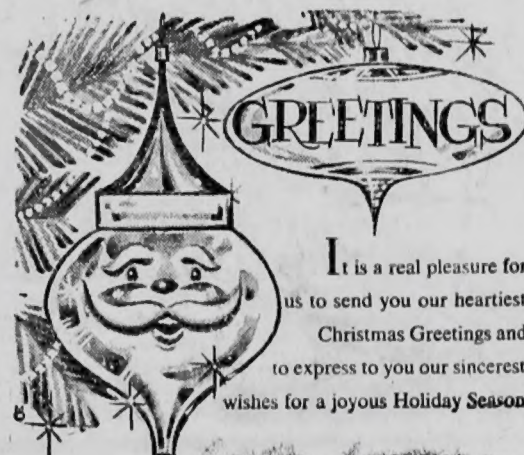
Well, of course, there is some comment on Sam's choice of presents, because some of the little boys who get the rifles are only two or three years old, and some of the girls who get the bicycles are not much older, but everybody figures it shows Sam's heart is in the right place, anyway.

But by noon the next day, one and all realize that Sam picks these presents out on purpose, and they can see what a terrible man he is at heart. Furthermore, everybody in my old home town is very sorry Marshal Dillon runs Swede off, and

playing Indians with their rifles, and other little boys are playing cowboys, and everywhere you hear the voices of little female children crying because they tumble off their bicycles.

Well, the members of the city council get together as soon as possible and pass an ordinance forbidding .22-calibre rifles, or bicycles, in the city limits, but by this time the damage is so great that they also add another ordinance forbidding public Christmas trees, or Swede Sam Sudenberg within the county lines for a period of ten years.

But the chances are Swede Sam Sudenberg does not care, because nobody ever sees him near my old home town again.



It is a real pleasure for us to send you our heartiest Christmas Greetings and to express to you our sincerest wishes for a joyous Holiday Season

KEITH REALTORS

J. K. Smith — HALIBURTON



May Peace and Joy be Yours at Christmas

ROGER'S BURNER SERVICE
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

On, Donner and Blitzen; on Safety in Toys



Toys of the 1800s were sturdy and simple, but they also had their hazards.

The Child Can't Be Insulated but Playthings Are Different

WHEN SANTA opens his pack on Christmas Eve, he will have an extra gift for the children—safer toys. A determined campaign by the Food and Drug Administration, and the cooperation of the Toy Manufacturers of America has resulted in many possibly dangerous toys being taken off the market.

Just a few days before Christmas, 1970, the FDA banned 39 toys, the first ban under the Toy Safety Act that had been made law a year earlier. Targets of the ban were rattles that could break or had parts that could be swallowed, dolls or stuffed animals with sharp metal pieces inside them, noisemakers and balloons with parts that could be swallowed or inhaled, dart toys with sharp edges, and caps or guns with

a noise level above 138 decibels. Manufacturers were told of the ban and were expected to notify retailers to remove the offenders from the shelves.

All this gives the prospective toy buyer perhaps a false sense of security. One likes to feel that the toy given for Christmas will not have the child laid up for New Year's but facts about safety must be considered. Maybe the feeling is one of: "They don't make them the way they used to."

That's true and false. Toys may not be as solid, but in some ways they are more dependable. That old wooden rocking horse of days of yore was also likely to tip easily. Years ago, doll heads shattered, and that was a trauma for parent, child and doll.

Today, of course, there is

the question of what a child wants for Christmas. An estimated one million injuries annually from bicycles are complicated by the popular higher handlebars, considered a must among pre-teens who object to having "everybody laugh at me because I have old-fashioned handlebars." Hold firm. Slowly but surely, safety engineering is becoming an integral part of toy designing.

What measures can the toy buyer take? The National Safety Council and the Toy Manufacturers Association agree with other organizations on a few points.

First, a toy should be chosen in keeping with the child's age and ability. Youngsters less than three years old should not be given playthings with small removable parts.

Second, look for toys that will not shatter or break easily. Avoid things with sharp edges that might cut if one child snatches the toy from the hands of another. Save the pointed tools, chemistry sets, bows and arrows, etc., until the child is at least eight and old enough to understand that they can be dangerous.

Electrical plug-in toys should only be considered for the responsible child and where adult supervision

is available. The toys should have U. L. (Underwriters Laboratory) seals indicating electrical safety in design and manufacture.

Speaking as president of the manufacturers' association, Fred F. Ertl Jr. has pledged to intensify the drive to eliminate "all hidden hazards," but he warned that "we can't eliminate all accidents, some of which occur because of misuse."

Kids will be kids and will fight over, throw and generally abuse toys, but this year, Santa has more than elves to help him make things safer.

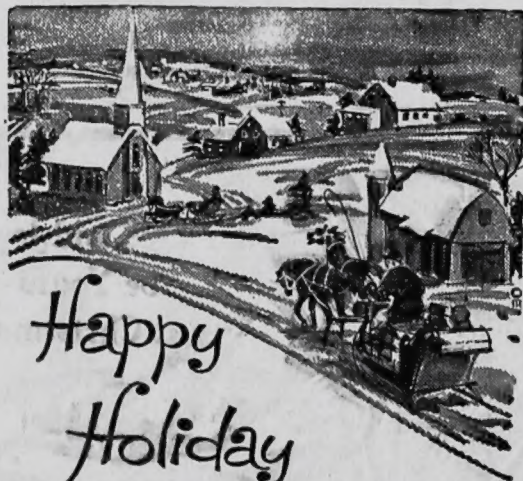


SEASON GREETINGS

DONALD J. FINN, B.A., LL.B.

And Staff

Mabel Brooks	Valerie Hickey
Julia Burke	Shirley Horsley
Barbara Perrin	Carolyn Fleming
Linda Cummins	Angus Coulter



Happy Holiday

The holiday season is here . . . and in the midst of all the merry-making, we'd like to extend best wishes and greetings to our friends.

Greetings from Brian, Jack and Ian
LAKE SHORE MARINE
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

The ECHO
Phone Number
Is 457-1037



Merry
Christmas
one and all

GLEN
ROBERTSON
Radio & TV
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Christmas Greetings

To you and yours, this Christmas season, we extend our sincere wishes for happiness that will long outlast the tinsel and the tree . . . and live on in your hearts through all the days and years to come.

MINDEN FURNITURE
MINDEN, ONTARIO



To our loyal patrons
we express our
sincerest appreciation.

P. H. LYMBURNER

Building and Trucking
Ski-Doo Sales and Service
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

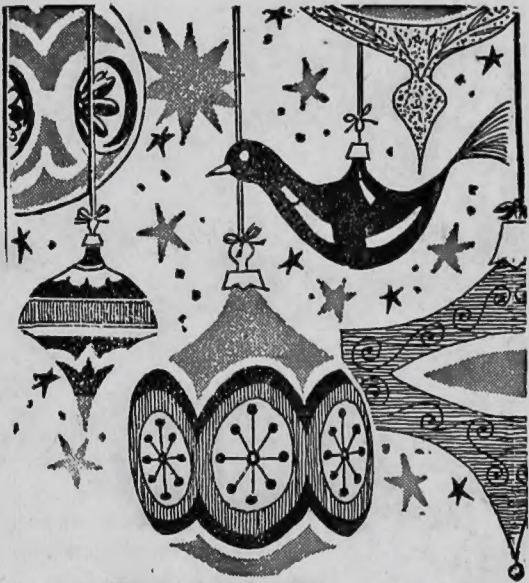


GOOD WISHES FOR Christmas

Children's cheery voices raised in Christmas song express the good will we feel for all our friends. Thanks and Merry Christmas!

FLOYD HALL LTD.
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Floyd Hall - Don Hall
Harold Kennedy - Rea Stinson



GREETINGS for Christmas

We wish you a Christmas near your loved
ones . . . a season of joy and good will.

PRENTICE ROADS LTD.
MINDEN, ONTARIO



at CHRISTMAS

May your holiday be
happy and
your blessings
many.

POLLARD'S
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



JOY

at Christmas
May this holiday
season herald a time
of continued "peace on earth."

VITTORIA'S COTTAGES
Vittoria Formica
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



By Shirley Sargent

AS ALICE DANFORTH moved from the sink, she saw the big calendar turned to December and the latent happiness within her swelled like a balloon. She hugged her secret to herself, glad now that she had kept it from Jed. What better way to start the New Year? Of course, if Jed had been here in Weed these last two months, she couldn't have kept it, but he had been gone on sales trips for the company. She walked into the living room to study their wedding portrait taken just three years ago.

Jed's expression was radiant. He was a tall young man with dark hair and warm brown eyes while Alice, herself, was slight with honey blond hair and a smile that lent her beauty. How happy they had been, Alice thought, when they had come to the town of Weed. The first year and the second year. It had been only recently that Jed had exhibited the restlessness that culminated in his transferring to the sales staff.

It had been only recently that Alice had paid particular attention to Weed's snow-covered parks, to its homey schools and its pervading air of "typical" as she had walked its broad streets. When they had first come to Weed, she had had little time for anyone but



Jed sat up when she brought the bowl of well-salted, buttered popcorn to him.

Jed, lately she had treasured every friendly greeting, every evidence of belonging. And soon, she wondered, will my interests narrow down again?

Jed arrived home too late and too exhausted to go to the parties they had been invited to. There were tired lines in his face, especially around his eyes. "Let's just see the New Year in together," he suggested, sprawling on the couch.

Thoughtful Quiet

For a while the living room was broken only by the noises of the crackling fire and the popping corn. Outside, Alice knew, snow was falling in geometrically beautiful flakes that would heap together and mean shoveling tomorrow.

Jed sat up when she brought the bowl of well-salted, buttered popcorn to him. They sat side by side, sharing the bowl.

"Good," Jed mumbled, his mouth too full for clear speech. "How was your trip?" The clock read 11:45.

Jed sighed from deep within him. "All right," he said, "considering how green I am at sales. The boss is pleased. In fact . . . he paused.

Alice was aware of his intent gaze. "In fact, what?" she questioned.

Jed rose, paced restlessly.

"In fact, the boss is so pleased with my progress that he'll put me out in the field regularly. Now, don't interrupt. Let me finish. We would either move to Chicago or maybe we could buy a house trailer and you could go with me."

Jed poked another log on the fire. "Of course, it wouldn't all be fun and travel, but at least you wouldn't be stuck in Weed anymore."

Not Stuck At All

"Stuck in Weed," she echoed. "Who said I was stuck? Why, Weed has one of the best stocked libraries I've even seen in a small town and in the summer we have the band and the people are so friendly."

"But I thought you hated it here." His square face was set in lines of utter bewilderment. "That's why I took the darn job with the sales force."



Greetings

Happily, we welcome the
opportunity to come into your homes
at this joyous time, with our thanks for your
patronage, our greetings and wishes that
you may enjoy the very best the
holidays can hold.

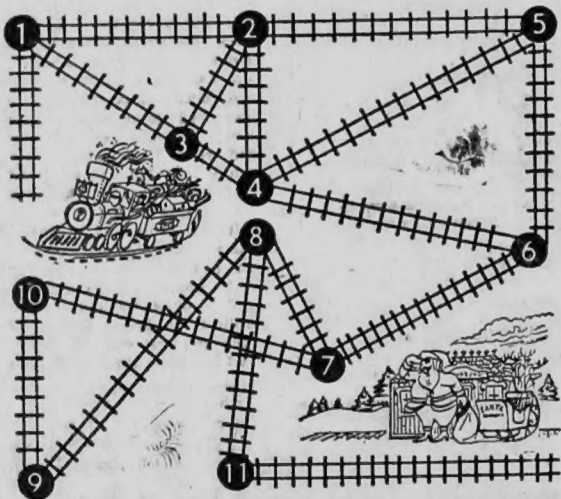
THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF
HALIBURTON LUMBER & ENTERPRISES LIMITED

The ECHO
Phone Number
Is 457-1037

SOMETHING FOR ALL

REV. Phillips Brooks is generally referred to only as the lyricist of the beloved hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" (with music by Lewis Redner). He should also be known for this inspired verse:

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.



ALL ABOARD! The Toytown Special makes 11 stops (black dots) en route to Santa's station. How quickly can you find a route that reaches St. Nick pronto? Oh yes, one route—known only to the wily engineer—is definitely a shortcut. See if you can discover this mileage-saving path.

Answer: Shortest route is one, three, four, two, five, six, seven, ten, nine, eight, eleven.



at CHRISTMAS

May your holiday be
happy and
your blessings
many.

SALVATORI SALES & SERVICE
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



May the holidays find
you at the height
of happiness, in the
best of health...rich
in friendships.

L. E. CLARK
Public Accountant
WILLOWDALE, ONTARIO



COX'S APPAREL
MINDEN, ONTARIO



At this joyful season, we take
pleasure in extending to you

Season's greetings

ARTHUR LEE
Electrical Contracting
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



May
the
Spirit
of Christmas

fill your heart with
the greatest joy and peace.
Merry Christmas,
everyone.

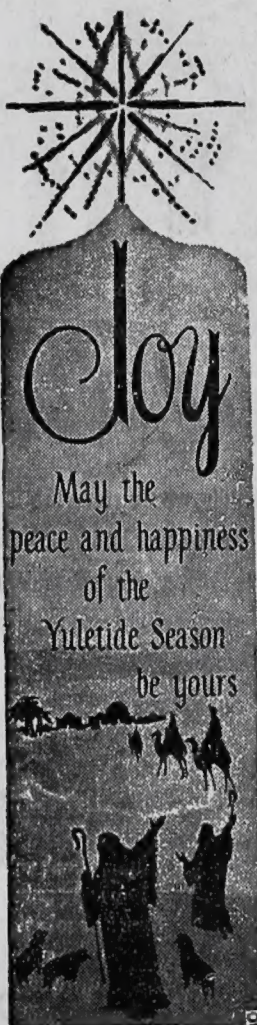
LORRAINE and MARVIN VARTY
VARTY'S JEWELLERY AND GIFTS
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

Greetings

May all the good cheer
and happiness of Christmas
and the New Year be
yours in every way.



MOLOU & BEAVER THEATRES
AND STAFF



May the
peace and happiness
of the
Yuletide Season
be yours

**JOHN WELCH
AND SON**
MINDEN, ONTARIO

*Merry
Christmas*

As you gather 'round the
Christmas tree with
family and friends to
sing the glad songs,
remember our
wish: A hearty, happy
Christmas to all!



LARUE BUS LINES LTD.
Albert LaRue - Scotty LaRue - Wilda LaRue



GREETINGS

Here's wishing you an old-fashioned Christmas, filled with all the joys of fellowship and good cheer, and a holiday season brightened by many merry moments for your entire family.

BLACK'S HARDWARE

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

HAROLD LANGDON - KEN LANGDON - BOYD AUSTIN
DON PASQUINO - FRANK MCINTYRE - STEVE BOLCSO



*As the Wise Men
came bearing gifts,
so we come bearing our warmest
wishes for a very merry Christmas
Day, and a holiday season filled with many hours of
happiness and good cheer for each and every one.*

GERALD BARRY LTD.

GERALD AND MYRLE BARRY
CARL HOLMSTROM - KEN TEASDALE
BRIAN TEASDALE - FRED HOLMES - EARL BIRD

The Living Gift



A Cold Nose Needs a Warm Heart

THINKING OF A PUPPY as a Christmas gift? Think twice, advise knowledgeable dog lovers. Today's cuddly ball of fur can be tomorrow's household problem if the dog buyer does not know what he is doing.

Take disposition, for example. Almost every kind of thoroughbred has predictable characteristics. Some breeds are never going to love the mailman; others are 99 per cent certain to dig up your tulips; a few are hard to housebreak (if not impossible). Choose a cross-breed, and it can be the best or worst of two worlds. With a mongrel, it's strictly petluck.

Most Christmas puppies will be bought for children, and here, again, a word of caution. All children do not know how to treat a dog. Mrs. Robert Wilson, a breeder of Kerry Blue Terriers, says she always hesitated to sell a puppy to a family with a child. "If, in desperation, the dog finally bites the child, it is always the dog's fault, no matter how he has been mistreated."

For the puppy shopper at the local animal shelter, the question is not always one of choice. Find someone



Sen. Vest

who can make an educated guess about the puppy's eventual size. Otherwise, a few months could see you the owner of a 70-pound monster that wags the bric-a-brac off the coffee table—fine if you don't mind.

On the plus side, consider Sen. G. G. Vest's "Tribute to a Dog," delivered in an 19th century damage suit against a man who shot a neighbor's hound, "Old Drum."

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Sen. Vest sat down. The jury, wiping its eyes, awarded his client \$500. The plaintiff had only asked for \$200.



Ho, ho, ho and a very happy holiday to one and all! We take pleasure in sending Santa your way with thanks for your patronage and our warmest Christmas wishes.

TROTTER INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT LTD.

HIGHWAY 7 EAST, PETERBOROUGH



It's time again
to wish you great joy all
through this happy holiday season!

CHARLES BRANDON

MINDEN, ONTARIO



To you and yours,
the peace and
joy of Christmas
with sincere
best wishes from us.

W. J. DALLEY - Photographer

143 HASTINGS ST. N., BANCROFT, ONTARIO



Best wishes of the
festive season from all
of us to everyone, everywhere!

AL BLANCHARD

Electrical Contractor

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



May the spiritual blessings of
the Christmas season be with you and yours.

YOUR FRIENDLY BARBERS

Lloyd A. (Buck) Baker Curry G. (Pork) Whittaker
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

JOLLY OLDE ENGLAND

Washington Irving's Sketch Book
Relates How He Celebrated
Christmas 150 Years Ago

Lo, now is come our
joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with yvie leaves
is drest,
And every post with
holly.
George Wither, Juvenilla

WE HEARD A DISTANT
thwacking sound,
which Frank Bracebridge
informed me was a signal
for the serving up of the
dinner. His father, the
Squire kept up old customs
in kitchen as well as hall;
and the rolling-pin, struck
upon the dresser by the
cook, summoned the ser-
vants to carry in the meats.

The dinner was served up
in the great hall, where the
Squire always held his
Christmas banquet. A blaz-
ing, crackling fire of logs
had been heaped on, and
the flame went sparkling
and wreathing up the wide-
mouthed chimney. The
great picture of the crusader
and his white horse had
been profusely decorated
with greens for the occa-
sion; and holly and ivy had
likewise been wreathed
round the helmet and wea-
pons on the opposite wall,
which I understood were
the arms of the same war-

rior. I must own, by-the-by,
I had strong doubts about
the authenticity of the
painting and armour as
having belonged to the cru-
sader, they certainly having
the stamp of more recent
days.

A sideboard was set out
just under this chivalric
trophy... a display of plate
that might have vied (at
least in variety) with Bel-
shazzar's parade of the ves-
sels of the temple; "flagons,
cans, cups, beakers, goblets,
basins, and ewers"; the gor-
geous utensils of good com-
panionship that had grad-
ually accumulated through
many generations of jovial
housekeepers.

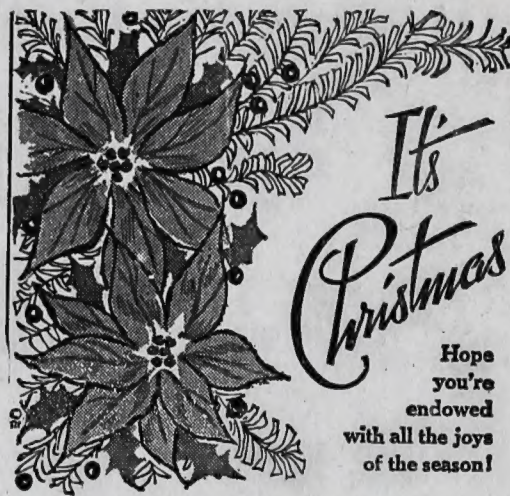
WE WERE USHERED in-
to this banquet with the
sound of minstrelsy; the old
harper being seated on a
stool beside the fireplace
and twanging his instru-
ment with a vast deal more
power than melody. Never
did Christmas board display
a more goodly and gracious
assemblage of countenances;
those who were not hand-
some, were, at least, happy;
and happiness is a rare im-
prover of your hard-fa-
voured visage.

The parson said grace,
which was not a short fa-
miliar one, such as is com-
monly addressed to the
Deity in these unceremoni-
ous days; but a long, court-
ly, well-worded one of the
ancient school. There was
now a pause, as if something
was expected; when sud-
denly the butler entered the
hall with some degree of
bustle; he was attended by
a servant on each side with
a large wax-light, and he
bore a silver dish, on which
was an enormous pig's head,
decorated with rosemary,
with a lemon in its mouth,
which was placed with great
formality at the head of the

table. The moment this
pageant made its appear-
ance, the harper struck up
a flourish.

THOUGH PREPARED to
witness many of these little
eccentricities, yet I confess,
the parade with which so
odd a dish was introduced
somewhat perplexed me,
until I gathered from the
conversation of the Squire
and the parson, that it was
meant to represent the
bringing in of the boar's
head — formerly served up
with much ceremony.

The table was literally
loaded with good cheer, and
(CONTINUED ON
FOLLOWING PAGE)

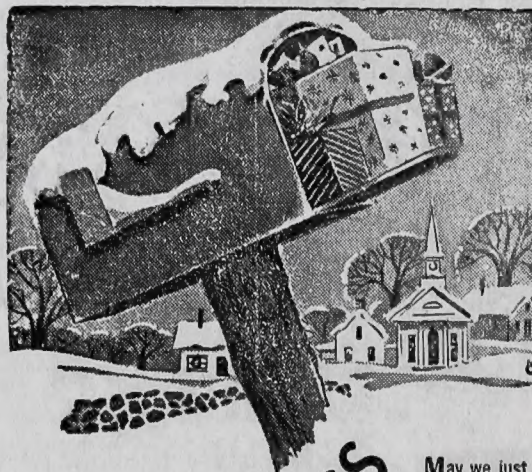


Hope
you're
endowed
with all the joys
of the season!

COUNCILLOR - WARD 1

MURRAY FEARREY

MUNICIPALITY OF DYSART ET AL



May we just
take a moment to
express our grat-
itude for your patron-
age. The wish of all of
us here is that you and yours
enjoy the merriest of holidays.

AUSTIN'S SERVICE STATION

Jack Austin - Bill Austin

MINDEN, ONTARIO



**FRIENDLY
Christmas Greetings**

We take pause from everyday routine
to celebrate the Christmas holiday.
And we welcome this opportunity to
extend our warmest wishes and thanks
to all. Hope your Day is a happy one.

EAGLE LAKE GENERAL STORE

Allan and Ellenor Bagg
Ethel Upton



J. F. HENDERSON

Well Drilling
LINDSAY, ONTARIO



Christmas Greetings

As we greet the Christmas season,
it is with deepest gratitude that we
thank our friends for their kind
support during the past year.

**DOMINION
DEPARTMENT STORE**
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



**merry, merry
Christmas**

Christmastime affords us the chance
to express our heartfelt gratitude
for the friendship and generosity you
have shown us through the year. We
extend best wishes for a happy holiday.

The Management And Staff Of
EMMERSON LUMBER LTD.

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Merrill Bailey

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James Scheffee

presented an epitome of country abundance in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished place was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as my host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation."

Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was a great deal of rallying of Master Simon (a Bracebridge and an old bachelor) about some gay widow, with

whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies; but it was continued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next to the parson; being one of those long-winded jokers, who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivaled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation, he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms; winking hard at me with both eyes whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered to be a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated: Many good things were broached which had been thought of during dinner, but which would not exactly do for a lady's ear; and though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter.

The Squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer; though in looking at the latter, it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark anatomy of a man, into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol.

I FOUND the tide of wine fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The parson, too, began to show the effects of good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze, and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side.

I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blind-man's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, was blinded in the midst of the hall. From the slyness with which he avoided the smaller game and hemmed one fine blue-eyed girl of about 13 with flaxen hair into corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

Methinks I hear the question asked by my graver readers: "To what purpose is all this?"

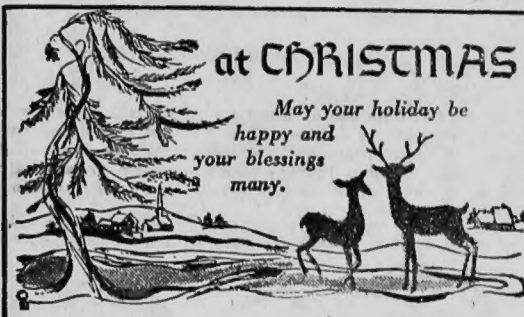
If I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow . . . and make my reader more in good humour with his fellow beings and himself, surely I shall not have written entirely in vain.

Washington Irving, 1819.

through
RED CROSS
Your help does so much
for so many
+



A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR
GRIFFIN SASH & DOOR
Haliburton, Ont.



BRUCE'S BARBER SHOP
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



**Merry
Christmas**

Greetings and sincere
wishes for a
holiday season full of the
warmth of a good,
old-fashioned Christmas.



GARNET O. GRAHAM

Confederation Life Association
FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO



These bells ring out a note of
thanks and our warmest holiday greetings.

PAT HUCAL

General Contractor
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Silent Night, holy night...

Hope your Holiday begins and ends on
the happiest of notes, with joy and peace
for you, your family and friends. Merry Christmas!

**THE
HIGHLANDER RESTAURANT**
AND STAFF

Doris and Cecil Winter
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

A Trap Family Christmas With The Heaths

It Was Supposed To Be Like "The Sound Of Music",
But Some Harmony Was Missing

By ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

THIS CLASSIC is one of a number of warmly human, sparklingly witty pieces contributed to *National Review* magazine once a year—generally at Christmas—by the late Aloise Buckley Heath. Truly a literary talent of major promise, Mrs. Heath, a sister of William F. Buckley, Jr. died suddenly, tragically, at age 48, in 1967.

From the book, "Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell? The collected work of Aloise Buckley Heath." Copyright © 1969, Arlington House.



Jim

Pamela

John

ONE OF THE REASONS—I say one of the reasons because I could think of several others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association, was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas.

I even know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the Spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the Spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know I look absolutely insane, crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and galloping madly off in the dark shouting "Ho! Ho!"

I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a \$1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon.

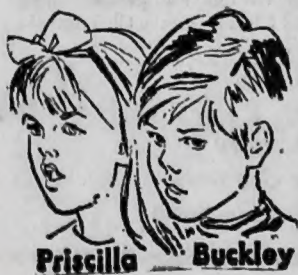
I KNOW ALL THAT,

What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he kept tossing out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Kathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they were, that's all; they like the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot.

THEN AND THERE I decided (yes, again) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye and that this Christmas the Heaths



Priscilla

Buckley

entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I know. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional Speculation on December 6th (St. Nicholas' Day) for instance; or the traditional Kletzenbrod on December 21st (St. Thomas' day).

We did make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even discuss letting us light the



Betsey

Alison

candles after it was hung. I DIDN'T SEE how the Christkindl custom could go wrong, though. I still don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, every one writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket. Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the picker, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret Christkindl, and the idea is, you do your Christkindl a good turn every day until Christmas without ever letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out beautifully in the Trapp family. In fact, from Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of Christkindlen who have found their shoes shined, their doll houses tidied up and the table already set the day it was

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)



Christmas is a time for family and friends... for exchanging gifts and greetings... for a spirit glowing with good will. May we express our thanks, with best wishes for a happy holiday.

The Management And Staff Of

**THE NORDIC RESTAURANT
AND DISCOUNT GAS BAR**



May the miracle
of the Christ Child be upon
your home and in your hearts this
Christmas Day. May the good Lord bless
and keep you and your loved ones.

**JACKSON'S
RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT**
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

A
FRIENDLY
HELLO

With best
wishes for
Holiday Happiness
from our door to yours.

SILVER MAPLE MOTEL

Eva and Donald Little
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Holiday Cheer

We're dreaming of a bright
Christmas for our many friends and
patrons. Thank you for your generous support.

Les - Judith - Verna - Frieda

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HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

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Frost Insurance Agencies Ltd.

FRANK O. HODGSON

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

their turn. But there are a few technical problems that I feel you should know about.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old; most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was; and he said, too old at 42 (never tell children your age), but anyhow, I won because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his Driver Education Permission Slip — and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood J.V. wrestler, who would? Then the others said, what about Timothy and Janet? Tim-

othy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their Christkindlen, so why should they be anybody else's Christkindl? I said, I must say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to me, and I would take care of the babies' Christkindlen if every one was so worried, and let's draw, for Heaven's sake! So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one. I said, maybe it would work out better if I drew a name for each of them, and they said, no sir, not and have you know who everybody's Christkindl is and comparing what everybody did for their Christkindl, no sir, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew, I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I tell you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

WE OPENED our little slips of paper at a given signal and everybody learned the name of his secret—secret, mind you—Christkindl. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh, Mother, do I have to have that pest?" Buckley said: "Mother, how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?" Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John, John has Jim, Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The non-readers came running up to find out who their Christkindlen were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear. "Pam," shrieked Betsey. "Betsey

Timothy
Jennifer



has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I know sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared. "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A FEW MINUTES later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For me not hiding your shell collection? For not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a Christkindl hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't learn anything that way, can he, Mother?), or taking all the batteries out of a Christkindl's flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically everybody practically constantly goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense. (Well, all right: Bloody.) And in our family, when everybody is tense, somebody minds it enough to stop it. I don't know which of them found the solution to our Christkindl problem; all I know is every Sunday now, they each buy nine penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their Christkindl's pillow.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her Christkindl to rock her a little, and every evening I rock my Christkindl a little.

**merry CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

The Management And Staff Of

HALIBURTON RED & WHITE

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

**CHRISTMAS WISHES**

We wish you a Christmas lit by happiness, warmed by contentment, well-stocked with many comforts.

ED'S GARDEN SUPPLIES

Ed Fajar

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



St. Francis of Assisi acted as deacon at the Mass that brought the huge, torch-bearing crowd to the first reenactment of the Nativity.

The Babe's Crib on an Italian Hillside Held a Wish to Share Christmas

ANYONE WHO SEEKS a way to make Christmas more meaningful should be of good cheer. St. Francis of Assisi felt just that need in A.D. 1223.

"Of all religious festivals," wrote Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk who was one of his followers, "Christmas was the most beautiful for Francis."

Because he loved Christmas, Francis sought a way to share it with others; to

share it in a way that would express all the joy that he felt over the celebration of "when God became a little Babe and was nourished by a mother's milk." He hit upon the idea of setting up a manger as it might have been in Bethlehem, and so the tradition of the crèche was born.

Perhaps the idea had come to Francis as he gazed upon a steep hill, honey-combed with caves and

topped by a patch of young trees. The hill lay across a valley from the home of a friend, Giovanni Velitta, Lord of Greccio, and Francis judged the hill perfect for the setting of the recreated Nativity scene.

"I SHOULD LIKE to share the coming feast of the Savior with you," wrote Francis to Velitta. "I want to set up a real manger on this mountain spot, with hay, and to bring an ox and

an ass like those that kept the Infant Jesus company."

Francis had previously submitted the plan for approval to Pope Honorius III, and with permission granted, Velitta was delighted to take part in the venture. So it was arranged, and the crèche was prepared for the celebration of the Christmas Eve mass.

Thomas of Celano, who wrote his account of the night scene only a few years

afterward, recalls that the celebrant of the Mass said he never before had experienced such consolation. Francis served as deacon, intoning the Gospel and preaching a sermon. Echoes of the chants by friars mingled with the responses of the crowd, and torches and candles "lit up the darkness until it shone like a star."

THE LIGHT from that evening still glows in the

(Continued On Following Page)



WRIGHT'S GROCERY & MARINA

R.R. 2, HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

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Ski-Whiz (Massey-Ferguson) Snowmobiles
Garden Tractors and Snow Blowers

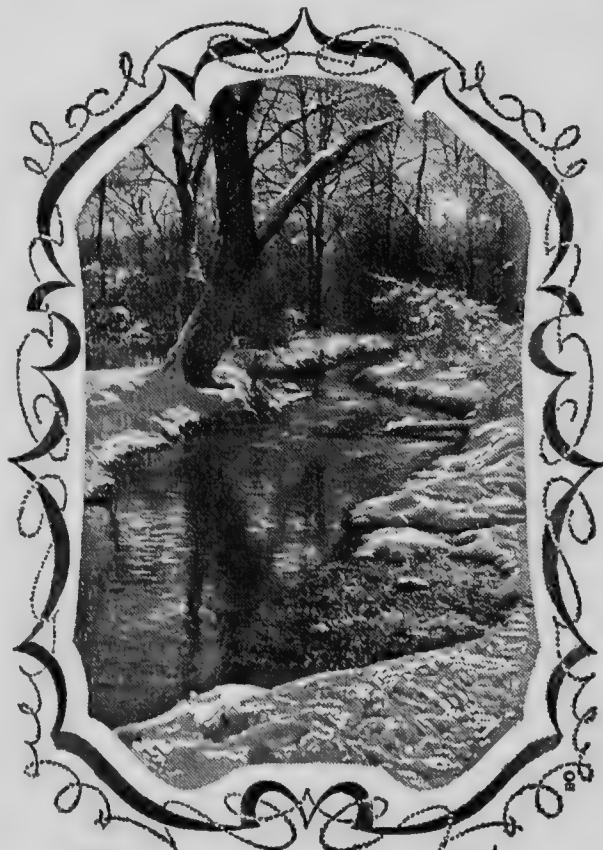
use
**Christmas
Seals** 
**Protect
Your
Health**



JOHN BEACHLI

HALIBURTON SPEED WASH

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Our good
wishes for
a Happy
and Healthy
Holiday
to all our
friends.

We thank you
for your
most kind
support.

Greetings for Christmas

Your Highland Decorator

MURRAY ANDERSON

And Staff

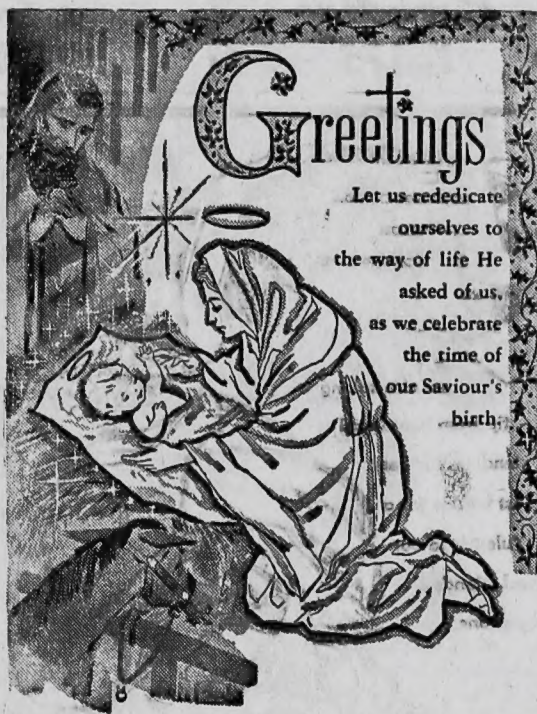
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



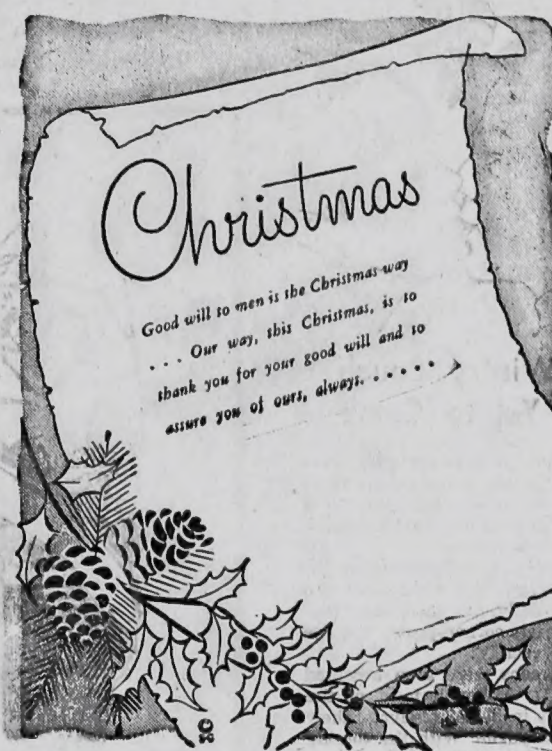
With the approach of the Yuletide Season, our thoughts turn to those whose friendship we cherish so much. May your every wish be fulfilled this Christmas, and may your New Year be healthful and happy.

NEWELL & McINERNEY LIMITED

Real Estate
MINDEN



The Management And Staff Of
MILLER'S STORE
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



PRITCHARD'S ELECTRIC
MINDEN, ONTARIO

hearts of persons who make the creche a part of their Christmas celebration. The tradition has been carried on by farmers of Europe who spend the winter evenings of Advent carving the figures or repairing them. From a simple representation, Nativity scenes have grown to the extent where some are made up of hundreds of figures. Shepherds, their flocks, the Wise Men, birds—all may be part of the scene. The focal point is always composed of St. Joseph, Mary, and the crib that holds the Infant Jesus.

THE CUSTOM of setting up the creche has spread throughout the Christian world. Towns, churches and schools put the figures on display as part of the Yule celebration. It is traditional to leave the crib empty until Christmas Eve.

The Moravians, members of a denomination based on the doctrines of John Huss, brought the tradition of building a Nativity scene with them when they settled in Pennsylvania and Winston-Salem, N.C. In Roman Catholic churches, the unveiling of the Nativity is an eagerly awaited annual event. Eskimos come out of the frozen wilderness of Alaska to take part. In India, the creche may be decorated with ferns and colored streamers. Africans often construct the crib of rough brick. But the idea is the same—to call to mind the meaning of Christmas—St. Francis would be pleased.

MORE THAN seven centuries have passed since that first creche. The hillside where it stood became a place of legend for years afterward, with reports of persons who recovered their health there. Even the animals and birds that were so close to Francis' heart were said to possess new vigor after feeding on the hallowed hay that grew on the hill.

There is a postscript to the story of that first celebration; a legend that belongs among the heart-warming stories of Christmas. Giovanni Velitta, the friend who had helped in the realization of the original creche, reports that there was a moment on that Christmas Eve when Francis walked over to the crib and knelt. Witnesses say that the sleeping Babe awakened, looked up at the adoring man, and smiled.



May
your

Christmas

*be richly filled with the
spiritual blessings that come as our thoughts turn
to a Holy Night when herald angels sang in triumphant joy, and
a Star shown with radiance that endures eternally.*

*May you find, in the miracle of the manger, a deep
Christmas happiness and contentment that surpasses all others.*

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF
WHITFIELD WESTERN TIRE
TELEPHONE 457-2382 - HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

ADRIAN and MARIE WHITFIELD
GARFIELD MILLER



Greetings
*Have a serene and
happy holiday season.*

**HILLTOP
MARKET**
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

It's Green Up Time



Nature Takes a Wintry Bough to Show the Life Yet to Come

IN COLDER CLIMES, the December days are gray; evening comes early and dawn is late. Nature appears to have come to a standstill. It is no wonder that green is a color of Christmas—a symbol of eternal life amid the desolation of winter, a promise of life to come.

Tertullian, a Christian convert and ecclesiastical writer of Carthage in the second century, advised: "Let those who have no Light burn their lamps daily. Let those who face the fire of hell affix laurels to their corner-posts. You are a light of the world, a tree ever green."

But the laurels with other greens were soon accepted decorations in home and church. Although most of the greens of winter have their roots in pagan festivals, their use was really more natural than pagan. With the coming of Christianity, they fitted naturally into the celebration of the Feast of the Lord's Nativity.



LAUREL (BAY)

TRIUMPH is symbolized by laurel and is applied to Jesus for his victory over sin and death. This is not mountain laurel that grows extensively in the United States and which has leaves sometimes poisonous, but rather a plant close to the aromatic bay family.

Used in Britain for Christmas decoration, laurel did not come to America with other English customs. It was rather Irish immigrants who brought the plant for use, mainly for the Advent wreath.

parasite were believed to be compelled to lay down their arms and keep a day-long truce. As such a token of good will, mistletoe evolved into a symbol of true love. Watch those kisses.



HOLLY

OF ALL greens, holly fits most easily into the Christmas festival with its white flowers to represent Mary's purity, red berries for Jesus' blood, and thorns for the crown to come.

Holly is believed to bring good luck to men, and is called the "he" of greenery.



ROSEMARY

"THERE'S rosemary, that's for remembrance," says Ophelia in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Strangely enough, this low shrub of the mint family has almost been forgotten as a Christmas decoration.

Legend has it that Mary spread Jesus' garments over a rosemary patch to dry while on the trip to Egypt, and since then, the shrub has had its pleasing fragrance. Prose and poetry mentioned rosemary from 1300 to the mid-1800s, and that is usually where it now spends the holidays — in literature.



MISTLETOE

THE DRUIDS held mistletoe to be sacred in Britain, believing it had healing powers, made poisons harmless, and brought great blessings and good luck. Enemies who passed the



IVY

THE OPPOSITE of holly is the ivy, badge of the wine god, Bacchus. Holly represents the home; ivy the inn. It is also the symbol of human weakness clinging to Divine strength.

Ivy is also considered to bring luck to women.



POINSETTIA

THE STAR of Bethlehem is seen in the flowers of the poinsettia, brought from Mexico to South Carolina by Dr. Joel Poinsett, U.S. ambassador to Mexico in the mid-1800s. The plant flourished and has become an American contribution to the greens of the holiday.

Mexicans believe that a young boy, going to Mass on Christmas Eve, cried because he had no gift for the Lord. At the church, he touched a shrub and it sprang into blossom. He then had the poinsettia, the most magnificent gift of all to offer.



GREETINGS

We wish for our friends at Christmas the lasting gifts of good health, happiness and good fortune.

STOUGHTON ELECTRIC LTD.

Licensed Electrical Wiring and Plumbing Contractor

GOODERHAM, ONTARIO

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Everybody
HELPS



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We're taking a tip from Santa and extending our very warmest wishes for a merry Yuletide to our many good friends and patrons.

ED YOUNGDALE & CO.

Texaco Products
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



TO WISH YOU
Christmas Blessings

May your family be blessed with a truly joyous holiday, filled with all the peace and happiness of that first Christmas Day.

The Management And Staff Of
STEDMANS

VINCE and ROSE CONNAUGHAN
BARB BROWN - GLADYS ROBERTS - DEBBIE STAMP
HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Fred, Craig and Cliff
J&K OFFICE SUPPLY
 HIGHLAND STREET
 HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



GLAD TIDINGS

Let every heart rejoice... it's
 Christmas! To each and every one of our
 valued friends, we send
 our most cordial wishes for a
 holiday season abounding in blessings.

POOLE'S
LAURENTIAN VARIETY
 HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

Merry Christmas

With heartfelt appreciation
 for your kind patronage,
 this year, as always — we are
 happy to send you our
 Greetings of the season with
 our sincere wishes for your
 health, wealth and happiness
 For the Holiday and long, thereafter!

AGNEW'S RED & WHITE
 Ross, Murray, Gary and Staff
 WILBERFORCE, ONTARIO



The Giving Is All in the Game

WHAT TO BUY for the "man who has everything" or his feminine counterpart was a real problem of the early 1960s. In the social conscious '70s, there is no such person. Gone are the mink-handled can openers. What we have are

"Beat the Draft," for instance, is a neat little number for a friend or relative who may soon be fleeing to Canada. It's a board game that claims to be based on actual Selective Service regulations. The game comes in blacklite colors and advises players to "Get

a haircut" the way "Monopoly" says "Go to jail."

A player starts at 18 and holds deferments that the draft board tries to take away (sounds familiar). If he acquires money, he may hire a draft lawyer or doctor; if he lands on the conscientious objector square, he lets his conscious be his guide.

Awareness appears to be the catchword in this year's gamesmanship. Gini Scott, a freelance game designer from San Francisco, has carved out a career with interaction and discussion games. Her latest is "The Lib Game" in which players take the roles of "uppity women," "male chauvinists," "liberal males" and "conservative chicks." Everyone has a chance to play each role. The game includes topic cards and a booklet of women's lib demands. There is no guarantee that the game won't ignite a serious domestic disagreement.

"A man playing the role of an Uppity Woman might be likely to see more of her side after the game," explains Gini, who uses her first name as her professional signature. "After all, a game is a way of getting people together to discuss things."

The winner is decided on votes (nobody votes for himself) as to who has stayed in character and presented the best arguments.

Gini has devised some other games, including "Confrontation" which pits students and protesters against the Establishment, and "O Peg It." The latter is not considered an interaction game by Gini because moves are "dictated by the dice and not by feelings or reasoning," but it is a sexy pursuit that psychologists have said gives an insight into "how people think of their roles."

And role-taking plays a major part in the new games. "Sensitivity" assigns a folder on a troubled life to each player and has him act out his reaction to a crisis. "Group Therapy" gives its players hangups of which they try to free themselves.

Perhaps the ultimate in putting oneself in another's shoes is "Black & White," a game that gives the player the task of facing ghetto problems, living on welfare or trying to buy a house in a white neighborhood. The cards are stacked against the usurper. A couple read: "Mayor Daley is re-elected; you are taken to jail for questioning," or "The Ford Foundation grants you \$150,000 to study race relations in Alaska."

Does anyone long for power? "Who Can Beat Nixon?" puts the player right in the '72 fight for the White House. Two to eight players can enter the race, and one can be Nixon—the rest have to settle for Muskie, Kennedy, etc., or a Dark Horse. The politicians have to round up 270 electoral votes to win while avoiding the laryngitis ward and credibility gap.

For the aging veteran, "Guadalcanal" is a game based on U.S. Marine Corps action on Aug. 7, 1942, and it's similar to "Anzio," "Stalingrad," or "Jutland."

"Diplomacy" requires the guiding of a European nation's affairs through negotiations and alliances. On the business side, "Transaction" puts players in the role of stock broker, specialist, adviser, head of investment club or mutual fund treasurer as the actual history of real stocks is re-lived with splits, recessions, booms and influencing news items.

When it comes to games, no man or woman could "have everything" from the ghetto to the White House. If these are all too with it for folks on the gift list, there's always checkers.

We, at the Beaver Woodshop, would like to take this opportunity to wish all our customers and friends a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A
 PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Eric, Irmgard, and Ingrid Kadoke

BEAVER WOODSHOP

EAGLE LAKE



CLIFF NEWBATT APPLIANCES

TELEPHONE 457-2912 — HALIBURTON



Christmas is a time for family and friends... for exchanging gifts and greetings... for a spirit glowing with good will. May we express our thanks, with best wishes for a happy holiday.

GARY F. VASEY LTD.

Real Estate Broker
 MINDEN and HALIBURTON



It's time again
to wish you great joy all
through this happy holiday season!

DELL HAVEN HOTEL
June and Bill Vanderhorst
R.R. 2, HALIBURTON, ONTARIO

MISPLACED CREDIT
Attributing of the carol, "Away in a Manger," to Martin Luther (it has been referred to frequently as Luther's "Cradle Hymn") is in dispute. There is evidence of its origin among early German immigrants in Pennsylvania, who introduced Christmas chorals in America.

GREEK TO US
The contraction Xmas is derivative from Greek. X is a transliteration of the 'k' pronunciation of 'chi', the 22nd letter of the Greek alphabet of Biblical times.

CURSORY TOKEN
In ancient Babylon, if you wanted to reassure your employer, mother-in-law, or somebody of your good wishes, you sent him or her a tile with inscriptions designed to ward off curses or evil omens in a household where hung.

TIME TO UNWIND
Among old Rom (gypsy) tribespeople, as among Druids, New Year's Eve was the time for marriages. If the wife had not been the helpmeet the husband expected, that is, as fortune-teller and money-gatherer for him, he could divorce her the next New Year's Eve in time to take another chance, i.e., bride.

THE OLD ROUNDUP
The word carol originally meant a ring or round dance, such as a romp around a May-pole. (When Gregory the Great sent Augustine as missionary to pagan Britain in 597 A.D., he directed: "Do not destroy the harmless customs associated with the old religion; consecrate them, like the churches to Christian uses.")

Christmas Greetings

Carol joyfully...
Christmas is
here. All the best
to you and yours.



GELERT GARDENS TAVERN

Sid and Jean Jennings



AT CHRISTMAS

Our greatest delight, at this happy time of the year, is to wish our many loyal customers and friends a holiday season filled with the sparkle and gaiety of the Yuletide spirit.

STAN PARISH TEXACO SERVICE

HALIBURTON, ONTARIO



Christmas Greetings

As we greet the Christmas season,
it is with deepest gratitude that we
thank our friends for their kind
support during the past year.

MARK S. VASEY

Insurance Agent
MINDEN and HALIBURTON



Greetings

Christmas is a feeling...
a spirit of well-being and cheer
that pervades the very air in this
wonderful season. We offer you our sincere
wishes for the happiest of Christmases for you and yours.

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF

HALIBURTON IGA MARKET

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